

Regrets

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Summary: There are a lot of things to be sad for. A lost of things to feel remorse. But, when one who walked the path of the light chooses to try the path of darkness. They feel something a whole lot more painful. They feel...Regret.(Gender Neutral Frisk/Chara)

1. Chapter 1

Hello and welcome to my Undertale fanfiction. Be forewarned that this fanfiction may have ideas or thoughts of suicide included. If these offend you then please stop reading. I will be updating this story whenever I can. Most likely it will stay within a two week period of the update before. I hope you enjoy, and please leave me some feedback of how I did.

* * *

><p>Why did they do all this. Why did they work so hard to destroy those who were their friends in another lifetime? Out of boredom?<p>

No...something else seemed to be controlling their will. They remembered a voice in the back of their head towards the start of all this. "Kill them, kill everyone...especially that stupid flower."

It kept telling them that it would be fun and to try something new. Was it really fun? Killing innocents.

They were not really sure. The voice reminded them that they could reset, and they could if they wanted to.

However, they couldn't erase the images in their mind. They were too vivid, too grotesque. They were not sure if they really wanted to live in this world more than they already have.

They were interrupted from their thoughts by the voice again, "Hello there again, Frisk."

The voice sounded a lot more distinct though, and it was coming more from their right rather than their head.

They decided to look, it could almost be described as looking in a mirror...except for the different colored shirts that is.

The other person laughed a cruel high pitched laugh that made their skin crawl. "Thank you so much you idiot."

They couldn't speak but they made a face of confusion. "For awakening me you numb skull." Another face that meant something around the lines of, I have no idea what your talking about.

"Don't you remember...the voice...my voice, appeared after your first reset. Didn't you notice that my voice started to get louder, slowly, the longer you stayed in the underground. I have been there ever since your determination pulled my soul out of my lifeless body below those accursed flowers. They bring bad luck wherever they go. Anyway, are you going to reset or are you going to just stay here in the void. It's your choice in the end. Just know that I will always be there, waiting for the time that you need me."

They didn't know what to do. Should they reset and act like nothing happened, even though Sans would still know.

Or should they just give up and not live anymore. Truth be told, they liked the idea of death. They thought the idea would be an appropriate consequence for their actions.

After all, they went against their morals. They went against everything they stood for, only for their own personal gain.

They started to feel tears dropping, they realized that there was no way out if this.

No way to make everything alright.

Their sorrow, remorse, and sadness started to fill their soul.

Their tears became a whimper.

There was no reset button, not a true one at least.

The pain would never cease.

They would never forget what they did to those they had created bonds with.

They had made a choice and now they were stuck with the repercussions.

They let their head roll back onto their shoulders and started a silent scream of **Regret.**

* * *

><p>Chara:

Why was Frisk crying? Shouldn't they be relishing in the fact that their power was strong, that their determination was...

That was interesting. But at the same time, very scary.

Frisk's determination was higher earlier...and she was steadily decreasing at a rapid rate. If they keep continuing at this rate then she will pass the point of no return. They would end up as an emotionless shell, unable to feel compassion or even the drive to kill someone.

What could be causing this? Could it be...that they have lost the will to live?

They must have had...that...realization. No matter if they did or did not, Chara still had to stop this or risk losing Frisk forever. Since when had they cared so much about the stupid human? It's not like they mattered. Did they? Chara wasn't sure at this point. They new they didn't want to see Frisk crying though. It felt as though they were crying right next to them. Before they knew what they were doing, they had already pulled Frisk into a comforting hug.

It was soft and gentle as though they were holding glass and didn't want it to shatter. Then it became harder and more like a wooden support beam that could hold anything.

Frisk started to calm down enough that it became silent sobs. Chara felt every emotion that Frisk displayed, and slowly became sickened at their self.

They put this child through hell and back, and for what? To enact revenge. The idea sounded stupidly pointless at this point. So much so that they began to start hating themselves. Frisk shook their head as soon as Chara began to target themselves.

How could they have felt that? It doesn't seem like it should be possible.

Chara checked Frisk's determination again to find that it had stopped going down just as it neared the point of no return.

Chara needed to boost it and quick before anything bad happened.

"It's not your fault, I should never have made you do that. I was reckless and I put someone so nice and caring into a pit of sadness and death. This should never have happened. You were so nice, even if the monsters were rude sometimes. I made you into a monster that should not have touched you. I-I-I'm sorry Frisk."

Frisk looked up at them and wiped their eyes on their blue and purple sweater. They then put on a smile as if to say that it wasn't all their fault. Chara understood and replied, "I know but I still am to blame. I promise though...I won't ever let anything ever hurt you again, I would rather die than to have you injured no matter the circumstances."

Chara had finally spoken from their heart and with that, Frisk rose with Chara and a message appeared:

****Do you wish to reset?****

**** Yes or No****

Frisk guided both their hands to the yes button and they clicked it together. As friends.

* * *

><p>I felt as though every reset should contain a nice conclusion. Remember to leave a review of how you think I did(good or bad) and a few pointers of how to improve upon my writing. Thank you for reading this and have a glorious day!

2. Chapter 2

****Welcome to my undertale fanfiction, I hope you enjoy the second installment. Spoiler warning: Parts of the genocide/pacifist run may be spoiled. Warning: contains dark themes, thoughts of suicide may be included, if you feel offended by these then please do not read. I hope you enjoy my fanfiction and keep reading.****

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><p>In Frisk's mind:

So... You are going to try again are you...after the last time, I figured you were done...what changed your mind...was it that mischievous demon...they always picked the best time to show up...even when they were alive...but what are these new emotions...layered behind the sadness and remorse. Covered by the pain and suffering. Is it...? Love? Hahaha. That's truly funny. I mean, how could anyone love you after what you've done...even if they are a cruel and twisted shell of what they once were. I guess...I will need to take over the demons job from now on. I can't believe they were broken from their resolve so easily. All, just for a murderer...a cruel and malicious person, who cuts down everything in their path. Only to look back and be scared of their real face. Now that's funny, more funny than that idiot son of mine. He's too lazy for his own good...you should be scared, you only bring death and chaos anyway. You lost every part of you that was once pure and replaced it with darkness. They say that horrible creatures thrive in the dark, but the worst are the ones who hide in the light...waiting for the right moment to strike. Just know that you can't run Frisk, there is no escape when Gaster comes looking.

* * *

><p>Underground<p>

They awoke as if from a dream, in a patch of yellow flowers.

What surprised them the most was Chara who was standing guard over them.

"Took you long enough, you've been asleep for a couple extra hours. After what you went through, I am just glad you managed to sleep at all." Chara said.

They stood up and looked around...the were in the same room as they always started in.

A small room with the only light source coming from the hole that led to the surface above them.

They felt Chara's eyes on them as they checked their surroundings.
"So...you ready to go?"

Frisk nodded their head and Chara started to walk at a slow pace down the only corridor.

Frisk followed along absentmindedly until they reached another small room that only held a small patch of grass with a single golden flower

. Chara sighed and Frisk knew why. The flower happened to be Asriel Dreemur, prince of all monsters.

"Chara! I can't believe you got your body back. Now we can enact revenge on those worthless hum-" he was cut off abruptly by Chara, "Grow up Asriel, not everything needs to be about revenge. Or you for that matter."

The flower looked taken aback by this, but soon regained his composure, "Who are you and what have you done with my Chara."

He asked quickly. "Your Chara, since when have I ever belonged to you. Last time I checked, we didn't have slavery in the underground."

Frisk was too wrapped up in their thought to really pay attention, so when a vine shot out of the ground and hit them they weren't prepared for it.

They flew until they hit a wall, knocking the air out of there lungs, and slid down it. Chara was already there by Frisk to check on them. Frisk was just hurt a little bit, but it was enough. Chara stood back up and turned slowly to Flowey, "You should not have done that...you stupid flower."

Her voice was clear and articulate, there was almost no emotion behind it.

Flowey started to visibly shake, "C-Chara why do y-you care so much about t-them, they are just usel-" "Don't you dare finish that sentence, the only reason your still alive is the fact that Frisk wouldn't want me to kill you." Chara interrupted him.

Flowey suddenly looked calm...too calm, Chara whipped around to see a vine poised to puncture Frisk's head and another one holding them down.

Chara made a motion to pull out their knife but Flowey inched the vine closer to Frisk's head, "now...now, no need to do anything hasty. We're all friends here, right? You don't pull out the knife or make any sudden movements, and Frisk here doesn't get a vine through their head. Though my vine might slip anyways, I mean...she is a murderer." Frisk froze.

"See...even she knows it. She murdered everyone without a thought. A true sociopath. They don't deserve anyone's mercy after what they did. All that death, even I was appalled. It just goes to show that the real monsters aren't the ones living underground. Not this time, I will make sure that it never happens again. Let me be clear here, I am not doing this for myself, I am doing it for the safety of everyone in the underground."

Frisk just let their head go limp.

They accepted their death, and were welcoming it with open arms.

However, someone was not, "Stop! I feel I should warn you that if Frisk dies it won't ever stop. In fact, I can't reset time so by killing Frisk you end up losing any way to reset any death or destruction that I might cause. You are killing the only thing keeping me sane."

Flowey looked like he was thinking it over. Until, "I don't care, they still deserve to die." Flowey said in his creepy voice.

His vine suddenly shoot forward and...stopped? Another voice appeared, "No one deserves to die, ever."

A fireball came out of the hallway on the opposite side of the room and hit Flowey, causing him to pop back into the ground and his vines followed soon after.

As soon as Frisk was released they curled into a ball, wishing that Flowey would have continued through with the threat.

"Frisk are you ok?" They looked up to see Chara's face writ with worry.

They started to shake their head yes, but froze when they heard another voice. "Are you hurt my child?"

Frisk's eyes settled onto the goat and their eyes went wide. All of the sudden, violent images started to eat away at their brain.

Blood, Death, souls shattering, knives plunging into flesh, bodies ripped to shreds, and the all too familiar sound of echoing laughter.

They felt their body shaking uncontrollably, "Frisk? Tell me what's wrong."

Their shaking became thrashing and flailing.

They screamed and couldn't stop.

Their body felt far away and they loss consciousness.

* * *

><p>With Chara:

"FRISK!" Chara shouted.

"You need to wake up. Now! If you don't wake up, I don't know what I will do."

Chara kept trying to stop Frisk's wild movements, to no avail.

Every time they got close they just ended up getting hit.

Toriel just stood there, not really sure of how to help.

"Do something! You useless goat. You must have read somewhere of what to do if a person loses control of their body! Think! Every second counts in this moment."

Chara yelled at the motherly goat. "I-I-I don't know." She replied back quietly

. "How can you n-" Frisk all the sudden stopped moving and screaming.

Chara just stared, tears starting to form in their eyes.
"No...no..no...this can't be happening. You don't deserve death. Don't you let anyone tell you differently, not even yourself. Now just wake up. Wake up!"

Chara hugged the motionless body of Frisk and let their tears fall freely.

Their heart started to crack, they felt their soul begin to shatter.

For the second time in their life, they wanted to die.

They wanted the pain to end forever.

But suddenly, they felt their heart and soul reform, all with just one touch.

A simple hug.

This is because the hug came from Frisk.

In Frisk's arms, Chara felt secure.

Like they had an emotional anchor.

Frisk's eyes started to droop and they both fell asleep.

Toriel picked up them up in her loving embrace and started to carry them further down the corridor, towards the light.

End
file.